

they also should be better affected than, and he well contented to suffer under his moderate government should do it more out of love than duty. But Nicholas told them, that he would come to him again in three days, when he would give an answer to their request. Thus, they gave occasion to a present suspicion, since he did not give them a favorable answer immediately, for the thought that he should have given them a humane answer off hand, especially since he was but young. However, they thought that his consultation with them, and that he did not present to them a denial, afforded them some hope of success.

To be continued.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

Wm. A. Hurton and others have organized "three or divided one-sixth part" about 4000 square feet of land on Millings on Dixon lane and a court to sell Hurton for \$1, etc.

died for Mr. C. R. Robert his place
 Bellevue avenue to Mr. Frank Weck
 New York for the season of 1893.
 Whipple & Derby have rented
 to Sarah French her cottage on
 Fifth known as the Knower estate
 to Hon. Calvin S. Brice for the sum
 of 1893.
 DeBia, Hunter & Eldridge have
 sold for Mr. John N. A. Griswold
 a lot of land on the southwest corner
 of Bellevue and Lake View avenues,
 containing 87,700 square feet, to Mr. H.
 Eldridge of the above named firm.
 The cottage on the Tennant estate
 on Bellevue avenue was sold Wednesday
 George Beakhorst for \$1,800.
 The building is to be removed from the
 place.

Death of Dr. Child.

Dr. Rev. William Spencer Child, D.D.,
 died at his residence in Jamestown
 Monday morning aged about 73 years.
 He had been in poor health for a
 time, but it was only during the
 two or three days that his illness
 was considered serious.

For many years, being rector of the Episcopal church, a number of a chapel and also later, for several years, conducted a preparatory school for boys in the Point. He always took a great interest in educational matters, and ranked high among the educators of New England. He leaves a widow and several children.

RECORD OF DEATHS.

George W. Lake
Mr. George H. Lake died at his residence on Gould street Thursday morning aged 62 years. He had been in ill health for several years, the result of a stroke, but death was the result of pneumonia from which he had been suffering for about ten days. Mr. Lake was for several years a trustee of the city street department; and at one time a member of the police force. He was an industrious man, enjoyed the respect and esteem of fellow citizens. He leaves a widow and one son, Mr. Geo. A. Lake.

At the 5th10th Baptist church to-morrow the pastor Rev. Mr. Jeter, will preach at the 10-30 A. M. service on "The Last Judgment." At 12-30 P. M. Sunday school meets and at 6-30

The annual Christmas sale of
 and fancy work, cake, etc, given
 Mary's Guild, will take place
 John's Reading Room next Wednesday
 and Thursday. The proceeds will
 for the benefit of the church.

Even Wednesday night of hearing.

PORTSMOOUTH

Those of you who have not yet registered must remember that, in order to vote next year, you must register on or before Dec. 31, 1892. Go to the registrar's office and apply in person to it personally, to ensure that you are registered.

We understand Councilman Henry Anthony is making preparation for the erection of another house at Old Turnpike road, on what was the Lawson Fish farm.

The funeral services of Mrs. C. E. Harrey, were held at her late home on Quaker Hill, on Tuesday, Dec. 14. The burial immediately at the Methodist cemetery.

Councilman Geo. N. Dennis is now very sick with pneumonia.

At the regular meeting held on Tuesday evening Dec. 5, of Grace Lodge, No. 1, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Noble Grand—Mrs. Gettie Bick; P. Vice Grand—Mrs. Margaret Patterson; Sec. Grand—George A. Brown.

THE GOLDEN CAVES

By CHARLES R. LEWIS OF QUADRI

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(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER III



He was studying his tomahawk for a blow at her.

The carefully prepared trap of the Indians had failed. It was only when the white man had turned sharply aside, launched the wagons, placed the spare horses as safely as possible and began pulling the howlers together for a breastwork that the red man realized that he had been sold out.

Then they swarmed out of the ravines—the warriors of Iron Heart, of Red Eagle, of Black Crow—three hundred strong, and mounting their wily ponies, which had lain as close as rabbits, they swarmed out and over the plateau and gave vent to their disgust and indignation.

Had they charged en masse the little band of white men must have been swept away by the momentum, but they delayed and every moment saw the breastworks strengthened by another howler. The Indian must feel and dodge before he strikes. In that characteristic he is below the serpent. His least consult and powwow before he advances. This is to brace him up.

More than half an hour was consumed in demonstrations of bluff before the Indians were ready to act. Then it was to advance his natural weapon first—treachery. A white man—some renegade and criminal who feared even the mixed society of the west and had gone over to the enemies of his race body and soul—advanced with a white flag tied to a stick as a flag of truce. He advanced boldly and impudently, but when within pistol shot of the breastworks was halted by the captain and asked what he wanted.

"See here, I feel sorry for you folks," he said in reply. "And I hear you to help you out of a bad scrape. There's reds half here to chew ye up in five minutes, and twice as many more will be here at sundown. They know what ye are about fur, and they are determined to chop ye."

"Well, what else?" asked the captain as the renegade paused.

"They wanted to wipe ye out to the last man, but I've prevailed upon 'em to spare ye in case ye'll turn back. That's what I've come to tell ye."

"If we turn back we won't be harmed?"

"Not a hair of yer heads. Just take the back track and that'll end the matter at once."

"And suppose we don't?"

"Then God help ye. Ye'll be chewed to pieces in ten minutes!"

"You go back and tell your friends to begin chawing as soon as they please!" shouted the captain, and every man in the inclosure cheered the words.

There was more delay as the renegade went back to report, and every man worked to build the breastworks higher and strengthen them. Wagons and horses occupied a solid square of less than half an acre. It was the highest ground within cannon shot. This was as good as another foot on the height of the breastworks. Twenty-five men distributed around that inclosure would make a terribly thin line, but twenty-five Winchester rifles would maintain a terribly destructive fire.

But treachery had not yet exhausted itself. Your noble red man of Cooper's legend depends upon that even when attacking women and children. Back came the renegade to say:

"Ye better take the chance I hold out to ye. The Indians hey got mad, and nuthin but yer promise and the quick performance of it will save yer scalps. If a gun is fired I can't hold 'em a minute."

"If we turn back we will not be molested?" queried the captain.

"Not a red shall come nigh ye."

"But we have only your word for it."

"Which order be good 'nuff. I am workin' to save ye scalps."

"And you think the way to do it is to turn us all over to them? Get back, you lying renegade—get out of range or we'll drop you!"

The renegade beat a hasty retreat, and a few minutes later the Indians dismounted, crept about the plateau to form a circle, and opened fire on the breastworks from three hundred rifles. They had waited too long for a rush, but the little band was encircled.

Water! Not a drop!

Forage! Not an ounce!

Provisions! Yes, but they must be eaten in a raw state.

The Indians had but to preserve their circle of fire about the fort and nature would do the rest. Men may escape the bullet, but thirst kills.

And what of Joe and Bess? As soon as the Indians appeared on the flanks of the train he had hidden her out of sight, and he had hoped up to the opening of the battle that she had not been seen. When he knew that danger was imminent he did not conceal the fact from her. She grew a shade paler, but she bit her teeth hard and threw off the womanish feeling which would have weakened her.

"We are to be attacked," she quivered as the wagons were packed and the men began at the breastworks.

"It looks that way," replied Joe, "but it may be only bluster. You had best keep out of sight."

"But every one of us will be wanted to handle a firearm. I can shoot with either rifle or revolver. See! I have a revolver. If there is danger I must take share with the rest."

A moment later her father came up.

He looked very anxious as he said:

"My daughter, I fear that our situation could not be worse. We have ten to one in front of us and we shall presently be attacked. You had better lie down on the bottom of the wagon."

"I should soon be helpless from fear," she replied. "Let me remain here behind the rocks. If they charge us I can help repel them."

When the firing opened she was kneeling between Joe and her father. Not a return shot was fired from the inclosure. Now and then a bullet found its way in between the loosely piled rocks, but the men had only to hug the ground to be safe.

As the Indians had to elevate their guns at an angle of forty-five degrees to fire, most of the bullets passed over, cutting the tops of the wagons, but leaving the animals unharmed.

It was well for the band that an old soldier had command. He took in the lay of the ground, made up his mind where the blow would fall and notified every man to be ready for the signal. The redskins would soon tire of wasting their ammunition, and then the more enthusiastic among them would demand a charge.

An Indian is patient only when overpowered. He is brave enough to face death only after he has worked himself up to fury. The one-sided battle—the yell, shot, scream, and change of positions—had their due effect. Half an hour before sundown the young warriors were clamorous to be led to the charge. The white men had shown their cowardice by withholding their fire. It was a sign, too, that they were short of cartridges. A rush from a hundred warriors would carry the camp and give up its plunder.

The renegade white man, whoever he was, had some military ideas in his head. He was seen hurrying from one point to another to consult, and he seemed the point to be advanced against. Owing to the scarcity of material, the north side of the inclosure was not as high as the rest. The approach to this side was not as steep. One of the dry gullies ran parallel to this side, and the charging warriors would have only three hundred feet of open ground to cross.

When the red sun was hardly more than a band breadth above the plains the firing suddenly ceased. The captain had been expecting it. He knew where the charge was to come from. There would be a feint on the south side to distract attention, but he left only three men to resist it. All others were scattered along the north side, arranging for a cross fire when possible, and they were not stationed a moment too soon.

At the sound of a shrill warwhoop uttered by Iron Heart, who was the ranking chief, a fusillade was opened against the south side, and a hundred or more warriors, the pick of all the force, sprang out of the gully and dashed at the north side. They expected to find it unprepared.

Crack! Crack! Crack! One of the very first tufted heads showing above the bank received a bullet. Twenty-one Winchester flamed and roared as fast as men could throw out the shells and pull trigger.

A besom of death and destruction was let loose. A wall of flame swept forward to scorch and shrivel. The charge of a hundred men is a battering ram—a landslide—a great wave. It cannot be staid at once. Its own momentum carries it forward to a certain point. The charge was a failure from the outset, but the wave did not flow back until a brave redskin reached the breastworks right in front of Bess. It was only hip high to him, and he was swinging his tomahawk for a blow at her when a bullet from her revolver, held aloft, entered his throat and threw him backward to die after a brief struggle.

It was all over in five minutes. It had been a desperate charge at the weakest point and twenty-three warriors lay dead on the slope, while a dozen more, more or less seriously wounded, crawled away to secure shelter.

Then the great red sun touched the plains with his golden rim, sank silently into the sterile sea, and twilight came to make shadows race about among the dead—dead but hideous—corpses in the war paint as they lay with legs drawn up and eyes staring into the darkening heavens.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now, then, God speed you!"

If the noise of the battle is deafening, the silence which follows is oppressive.

There is more menace in silence when peril threatens than in the roar of cannon.

As night shut down over the beleaguered white men on the little plateau a few boasted and exulted over the successful defense, but the greater portion were silent and anxious.

The red man is a wild beast of higher type than the tiger, but he has all the instincts and characteristics of the dreaded animal. The tiger sleeps by day and roams abroad when darkness comes. The Indian does the same when left to his own will if circumstances do not prevent. His vision at night is animal-like and his scent is keener when the sun goes down.

The captain passed around the fortification as soon as the firing died away to see what loss had been sustained. One man and two horses had been slightly wounded. He gave orders that one-half of them should prepare themselves for a meal as it was possible to get without a fire, and then go back to the breastworks and relieve the other half.

There was no danger of an immediate attack. The Indians had received a setback which would dampen their ardor for several hours to come.

Bess had retreated to the wagon, and the men were enthusiastic in praise of her courage. Three or four of them had witnessed her exhibition of nerve, and every one was determined to shake hands and bestow a few words of commendation.

While they were so engaged Joe slipped quietly over the breastworks and lifted the warrior who had shot into the inclosure. He was an athletic young fellow, wearing the feathers of a subchief, and the look of fury and hate had not yet faded from his face. When he brought the feathers to Bess he said:

"There's none among us ever made a better shot. He was a leader among them."

"But I'm so sorry I had to do it," she pleaded. "Oh, if they'd only leave us alone or be at peace! Think of my taking human life!"

"And I'm afraid the worst is not over," whispered Joe. "I know the devils. They'll never leave us until they have our scalps. You may have to shoot others."

The girl burst into tears at the thought, but quickly brushing them away she said:

"Their blood be upon their own heads. My mother used a rifle against the rebellious Sepoys when attacked, and I should be ashamed if I did not help in my own defense here."

When all had broken their fast the captain whispered to Joe and two others whom he knew to be experienced in Indian warfare, and as they crouched down under the shelter of the breastworks he said:

"I've got my idea about this thing, but I want to consult with you. First and foremost, there's anywhere from two hundred to two hundred and fifty redskins around us."

"Fully three hundred," replied Joe.

"They attempted to ride over us, but were soundly thrashed," continued the captain. "If there were only one hundred they'd pull up stakes and tackle us farther on, but this big crowd won't think of such a move. We've got the whip-o-wag on 'em in one sense, but before tomorrow night every tongue will be parched with thirst. If they hold us here three days we'll be drinking the blood of the horses. In a week we'll be madmen. Now, then, who has anything to say?"

Not a voice answered for a long minute, and then it was Joe who replied:

"There's only one string to hang a hope on. If we can get help to beat 'em off we are saved for the time. If we can't we must go under."

"Why not mount the horse and make a dash for it, leaving the outfit in their hands?" queried one of the men.

"How many would live to get twenty miles away, do you think? Not one! The Indians would ride over us in no time. I tell you, boys, we have got into a bad row, and I must confess that I can't see any way out of it. But what's your string, Joe?"

"The day we left Brule City I saw a man who had come down from Fort Sully," replied the young man. "He said that troops had been ordered forward to protect emigrants and that a number of gold seekers, hunters and trappers would start with the soldiers. If that body of men followed the Big Cheyenne, which of course they would do to the forks, and if they started two days behind us as they were to, where should they be now?"

"Being mounted as we are, and having three or four wagons at least, they'd make about our distance. The forks are not over twenty miles away, and they may be there tonight or not get up for another day yet. But how are we to get help from them?"

"Let them know of our peril."

"Can any of us fly?"

"No, but we can walk and run and ride. One of us must be out of here within an hour on the way to the forks. He must find the men from Sully and bring 'em down on the rear of this tribe of redskins."

"A rabbit couldn't make his way through the circle the demons have formed about us," replied the captain in tones of dejection.

"But a man of my size can and will!" exclaimed Joe. "I know the risks, but the game is worth it. If I lose my scalp it will only be two or three days in advance of the rest of you. If I get through I shall save you all."

The right hand of every man went out to him in the darkness, but it was two long minutes before the captain said:

"I wouldn't ask it of you, Joe, but if you will volunteer we'll pray to God to spare your life. Your success is the only thing that will save us. What is your plan?"

"I can speak a few words of the dialect of almost any tribe in the west," replied Joe, "and I shall strip that dead body for a disguise. I can't hope to get out unperceived, but I hope to be taken for an Indian long enough to get through the lines."

The knowledge of what Joe proposed to do was kept from the majority of the men. The body of the dead warrior was dragged among the wagons, stripped of its buckskin suit, and in the course of half an hour the young hunter was ready to take his leave. He had transformed himself into an Indian, so far as outward appearances went, and the men were more hopeful of his plan. The captain and a couple of the men accompanied him to the north side of the inclosure, and after a cautious survey of the grounds outside Joe whispered:

"It is as I hoped for; more than half the bodies have already been removed. The redskins must be made to think I am one of the party engaged in the work. I am all ready. Any special word, captain?"

"No. If you find the party they will help you out of our fix. If they do not catch us napping or rush us too often we can hold out here for a week, but every one will have to drink blood after tomorrow. If you do not return we'll know that you could not find the party. Now, then, God speed you!"

Joe softly mounted the breastworks, tomahawk in hand, dropped to the earth outside and a minute later was lost sight of in the darkness. The three men left behind listened with bated breath.

Joe must enter the gully filled with Indians. If his disguise was penetrated and he was under prisoner the fact would be announced by whoops of rejoicing. The silence would have been that of the grave but for the chirp of the crickets. The men could hear each other's heart beat as they leaned against each other and listened for an alarm.

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Joe must have reached the gully ere this. If not suspected at the first go off he would not be suspected at all.

Five minutes more passed away, and the captain drew a long breath of relief and whispered:

"He will get through. Let us thank God!"

The night was starlight, but a sort of fog hung in the air, and if the Indians made a night attack they could not be seen until close up to the breastworks. The captain

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Fares reduced to all points beyond New York. Steamers PLYMOUTH and PILGRIM in commission. Leave Newport week days at 10:30 P. M. Sundays, 10:15 P. M.; due in New York 1:30 A. M. Connection by annex boat for Brooklyn and Jersey City on arrival. RETURNING STEAMERS leave New York from New York at 10:30 P. M. Sundays, 10:15 P. M.; due in Newport at 5 P. M. Connecting annex boat leave Brooklyn at 4:30 P. M.; Jersey City at 4 P. M. Round-trip tickets such as Newport about \$3.50.

For tickets and stationery apply at the New York and Boston Express office, 272 Thames street.

J. I. O'NEILL, Ticket Agent.
J. R. KENDRICK, Gen'l Manager, Boston.
Geo. L. CONNOR, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Boston.
J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

CONTINENTAL STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and After Monday, Sept. 19.

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE,

Week days only, at 8 A. M. Leave Providence for Newport, week days only, at 1 P. M. Stop at Providence, Hartford, and Friday only. Stop at Connecticut Falls only.

EXCURSION TICKETS ONLY 90 CENTS.

All freight must be delivered at the Wharf 30 minutes before steamer leaves for future shipment.

AGENTS, A. LIVINGSTON MASON, Providence, R. I.

Newport & Wickford

Railroad & Steamboat Co.

—THE WICKFORD ROUTE—

Between Newport, Boston, Providence and New York.

In Effect TUESDAY, NOV. 24, '92.

Via Newport and Wickford, R. I. and Hingham.

Leave Newport at 10:30 A. M., arrive at New York 4:30 P. M.; New Haven 2:30 P. M.; New London 12:30 P. M.; Providence, 12:30 P. M.; Boston, 1:30 P. M.

Leave Newport at 4:30 P. M., arrive at New York 11:30 P. M.; New Haven 9:30 P. M.; New London 7:30 P. M.; Providence, 6:30 P. M.; Boston, 7:30 P. M.

Leave Newport at 8:30 P. M., arriving in Providence at 9:30 A. M. Boston 11:30 P. M.; New York via Providence 7:30 A. M.

Leave Newport 12:00 midnight, via Providence, New Haven 4:30 A. M.; New York 12:30 A. M.; Boston 12:00 midnight; Providence 1:30 A. M.; arrive at Newport 6:30 A. M.

Leave Newport at 6:30 A. M.; New Haven 10:30 A. M.; New London 10:15 A. M.; Boston 10:30 A. M.; Providence 11:10 A. M.; arrive at Newport at 1:00 P. M.

Leave Newport at 1:00 P. M.; New Haven 4:30 P. M.; New London 4:20 P. M.; Boston 4:30 P. M.; Providence 5:00 P. M.; arrive at Newport at 7:00 P. M.

Globe, Commodore, with Steamer to and from Rhode Island and Jamestown.

Drawing Room Cars on day trains and Sleeping Cars on night trains.

Tickets and baggage checked at steamer or Tockwoh, Commercial Wharf; at steamer or Tockwoh, No. 30 Flinders' Block, Bellevue street, Cor. Cambridge st.

Drawing Room chairs secured at company's office, Commercial wharf.

Saturdays excepted.

J. R. KENDRICK, Supr., Providence, R. I.

J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

JAMESTOWN FERRIES.

On and After June 1, 1892.

STEAMER COMANICUT

Between Newport and Jamestown.

WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Jamestown, 5:15, 8:15, 9:45, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:15, 4:45, 6:30 P. M. Sundays at 8:00, 10:00 A. M., 12:30, 3:30, 5:30, 8:30 P. M.

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MANHOOD! Strength! Vitality!



KNOW YOURSELF.

OR SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only

GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY ON NERVOUS AND

PHYSICAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION OF

VITALITY, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PRE-

MATURE DEBILITY, and all IMAGINABLE

AND WASTEFULNESS OF MAN. 600 pages, cloth,

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BRITY GUARANTEED. Address Dr. W. H. Barker, of

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itations, but no equal. —Herald.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a

treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now.

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WHY —Herald Editor. (Copyrighted)

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Charles M. Cole,

302 THAMES ST.

TWO DOORS NORTH OF POST OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I.

PURCHASE

—OR—

PRESCRIPTIONS.

I have purchased all the prescriptions to

date from the pharmacy of James H. Taylor,

and am prepared to fill them carefully and

with best drugs.

JAMES T. WRIGHT,

PHARMACIST,

22 Washington Square.

FINE

Table Sherry

\$1, \$1.25 & \$1.50

PER BOTTLE.

—AT—

SAYER BROS'

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

CONTRACTOR

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK

NEWPORT, R. I.

Tiling, Draining and all kinds of

Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

16 Callender Avenue

Farmers & Others

about to put up Pork for the

Winter may obtain

Good Barrels

for that purpose, of

H. A. Thorndike,

Dealer in Barrels,

Casks, etc.,

65 & 67 Bridge Street.

11-24-92

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

AMERICANS WHO LIVE LONGEST.

Occupations That Are Conducive to Long

or Short Lives.

"What occupation tends most to prolong life?" asked a reporter of the chief mathematician for one of the great life insurance companies.

"That is a difficult question," he replied. "I can only answer it by referring to the occupations of persons whose lives are and have been insured by us."

Inasmuch as they number several hundreds of thousands they will afford a pretty good basis from which to draw conclusions on the subject.

According to this evidence it appears that commercial travelers and agents live longer than men in any other kind of business.

Next to them come dentists, teachers and professors, including music teachers.

"And who after them?"

"Next to them in point of longevity are bankers, clergymen and missionaries."

The last may occasionally furnish food for the humor of untutored savages, but they are a first class risk nevertheless.

Next come bankers and capitalists, who seem to live just a trifle longer than butchers and marketmen.

Lawyers and jewelers follow, and they are succeeded on the list by merchants, peddlers, milkmen and pawnbrokers.

Then come gardeners, laborers, civil engineers and canvassers.

Perhaps the treatment which canvassers are apt to receive in the ordinary course of their business shortens their lives.

"Where do newspaper men come in?"

"Oh, they don't live as long as any of the people I have mentioned. Even bookkeepers and bank cashiers, as well as artists and architects, are ahead of them."

They come in next, with the printers, physicians and gentlemen who are not engaged in any active employment.

Then follow the apothecaries and photographers, and after them in order bakers, cigar makers, real estate agents, army officers and soldiers, liquor dealers, mariners and naval officers.

Shortest lived of all seem to be the auctioneers, boarding house keepers, barbers and drivers.

Love's not Time's Fool.

Are you always just a little behind hand? Don't make that mistake this year. Now is the time to answer the perplexing question: "What shall I give them?" What is beautiful, useful, inexpensive, sure to give delight, a constant, cheerful reminder of the year through? A new, quick-winding Waterbury. \$4 to \$15.

As accurate as a pocket watch, as elegant and useful as a gold watch, with all the latest improvements, it is a gift that will be appreciated by all. It is the best thing you can give them. It is the best thing you can give them. It is the best thing you can give them.

IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Thanksgiving Followed by a Period of Inactivity.

New England Butter Makers Meeting with Little Opposition from Shippers.

Other Products of the Farm and Garden.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—In many lines of market produce there is a somewhat quiet feeling since Thanksgiving. But as the Christmas holidays approach it is thought that the activity of two weeks ago will be revived. South Market street, which is the focus of farm products, is quiet now as the calm before the storm, for within a few days the street will put on new life in the sale of Christmas greens.

Apples.

The market in apples is not in a very buoyant condition. Producers who in the early part of the season could have found a remunerative market in the west are now shipping to Boston. Many in the trade are disappointed to find that the holdings beyond what they have now in the store houses. Had it not been for the long prices paid for this stock on which dealers yet hope to realize a profit there would be no attempt to bear the market. As it is they talk prices somewhat higher than could be expected to be realized in large quantities shipped to this market. Hopes are at present that the Liverpool market will turn for the better and afford an outlet for their big priced purchases. In a jobbing way the market remains about the same as last week.

Butter.

The butter market has been totally ignored the past week by western shippers from the fact of the full supply coming from western sources. Every year, owing to the guidance of the state dairy school throughout New England, butter makers are improving and increasing their product. This fact, coupled with the improvement of storing of June made butter, makes Boston more and more an exclusive shipping point.

Fruit.

Native stock is cutting a smaller figure in native supply, although there are a few small lots of home grown pears offered. Dealers now turn a look to California and Florida for orange purchases. There is a supply of the orange in the market, but owing to the extremely poor quality they are neglected. It is hard to get a nice thing in Concord, but when obtained a pound is easily obtained.

Crabapples take a wide range.

A good hard berry is easily worth \$3 a barrel. Much of the offering are soft quality selling as low as \$1.50 a barrel with few takers. Florida oranges are increasing in supply and easy in prices correspondingly. Three dollars a box would be considered a fair quotation. Lemons are not plenty, taking a range of from \$1 to \$1.50 a box. A nice thing in Florida pears brings \$4, with some \$4 to \$5 and Cherries at \$3.

Vegetables.

The potato market is looking better. The large arrivals of provincial stock of late have moved off without any serious break in price. There is not expected owing to the prospect of closing up of the waterways, the market in Maine stock, it is thought, will improve. The receipts from that locality are expected to increase as soon as the country roads are frozen up and teaming becomes easy.

Since Thanksgiving trade in the truck market has not been over large.

There is a better feeling in regard to onions and many lots have been disposed of in a large way for as high as \$3 a barrel. Much of the stock, however, sells for last week's quotations at \$1.50. Producers of cabbage have assumed a somewhat speculative turn of mind and are holding their stock for a prospective rise which, they feel, will come soon.

The cauliflower market is looking better.

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CONDENSED NEWS.

Two was a \$10,000 fire at Hudson, N. H.

Two boys skaters were drowned at Belleville, Ont.

An appeal was entered in the Harris murder case.

A dynamite mill was blown up near Tanana, Ala.

Dr. C. W. Siemens, the noted engineer, died.

A swindler took \$150 from a Newburyport, Mass., man.

A beautiful girl was found dead near Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Additional water supply is needed for Salem and Beverly, Mass.

The charges against Indian Agent Cooper were not sustained.

A loan bill for \$1,375,000 has been reported to the Boston afternoon.

Judge Clark telegraphs that the Democrats are in control in Montana.

Werner Siemens, the celebrated scientist, is dead.

He was born in 1816.

Daniel H. Chandler, leader of Chandler's band, of Portland, Me., is dangerously ill.

A vessel ashore at the mouth of the Mersey River went to pieces; all on board lost.

Haverhill (Mass.) clergymen are endeavoring to have Sunday funerals abolished in that city.

Secretary Atkins has returned to Washington from West Virginia. His family accompanied him.

Congressman Sherman has returned to his home in Maryland.

By the establishment of the Bay State Cattle company at Newburyport, Mass., that city will receive its first importation of American.

William Dugerty, 11 years old, and James Dugerty, 9 years old, broke through the floor of a mill pond at Belleville, Ont., and were drowned.

Thursday, Dec. 6.

A case of leprosy is reported in Detroit.

Grower Cleveland has arrived in New York.

Smuggling on the Pacific coast continues.

An abstinence witness was imprisoned at Cambridge, Mass.

English papers severely criticize the president's message.

North Dakota elected two Harrison electors and one Weaver.

A San Francisco sea captain confessed to the cruel murder of a boy.

In the New Haven court, the judge decided that the Yale students were riotous.

A shower was held for transporting immigrants in a cruel manner at Waltham, Mass.

Reports published about sickness in Rutland, Vt., are grossly exaggerated.

There is an epidemic and no quarantine there.

Several hundred Keely cure graduates of Maine, many of them wealthy and prominent men, will hold a convention in city hall, Portland, Me., next Sunday.

County Commissioner J. F. Clough and his family of Manchester, N. H., were seriously poisoned by eating horse radish. Prompt medical aid saved their lives.

Norwalk, Conn., Catholics are negotiating for extensive property on South Main street, South Norwalk, with a view of erecting a \$100,000 church edifice of stone.

Francis Von Suppe, the composer, is very sick. His physicians think that he cannot live.

ORITARY.

Rev. A. W. Fisk, a Congregational clergyman, died at his home at Peacock, N. H., at the age of 82 years.

Friday, Dec. 9.

A convict mutiny at Chester, Ill., was subdued.

A freight train was derailed near Lincoln, Neb.

The city armory, Cleveland, was destroyed by fire.

Two great oil wells were opened near Portland, Ind.

A Burlington (Ind.) saloon was blown up by dynamite.

The telegraphers' strike on the "Big Four" may be averted.

Twenty-six buildings were wrecked by wind at Paragould, Ark.

Railroad passengers must pay fares whether given seats or not.

A planter and his son were fatally shot from ambush near Atlanta.

Henry Villard says he would not accept a position in Cleveland's cabinet.

The Canton (O.) Steel Roofing company's plant was destroyed by fire.

Woolen mill property was burned at Jefferson, Mass., loss \$175,000 to \$200,000.

Six men were injured by an explosion of dynamite at Melrose Highlands, Mass.

Concord (N. H.) business men have decided to hold a carnival during the winter.

The growth of the sentiment for M. metellism in Great Britain astonishes the monetary delegates.

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CONDENSED NEWS.

Two was a \$10,000 fire at Hudson, N. H.

Two boys skaters were drowned at Belleville, Ont.

An appeal was entered in the Harris murder case.

A dynamite mill was blown up near Tanana, Ala.

Dr. C. W. Siemens, the noted engineer, died.

A swindler took \$150 from a Newburyport, Mass., man.

A beautiful girl was found dead near Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Additional water supply is needed for Salem and Beverly, Mass.

The charges against Indian Agent Cooper were not sustained.

A loan bill for \$1,375,000 has been reported to the Boston afternoon.

Judge Clark telegraphs that the Democrats are in control in Montana.

Werner Siemens, the celebrated scientist, is dead.

He was born in 1816.

Daniel H. Chandler, leader of Chandler's band, of Portland, Me., is dangerously ill.

A vessel ashore at the mouth of the Mersey River went to pieces; all on board lost.

Haverhill (Mass.) clergymen are endeavoring to have Sunday funerals abolished in that city.

Secretary Atkins has returned to Washington from West Virginia. His family accompanied him.

Congressman Sherman has returned to his home in Maryland.

By the establishment of the Bay State Cattle company at Newburyport, Mass., that city will receive its first importation of American.

William Dugerty, 11 years old, and James Dugerty, 9 years old, broke through the floor of a mill pond at Belleville, Ont., and were drowned.

Thursday, Dec. 6.

A case of leprosy is reported in Detroit.

Grower Cleveland has arrived in New York.

Smuggling on the Pacific coast continues.

An abstinence witness was imprisoned at Cambridge, Mass.

English papers severely criticize the president's message.

North Dakota elected two Harrison electors and one Weaver.

A San Francisco sea captain confessed to the cruel murder of a boy.

In the New Haven court, the judge decided that the Yale students were riotous.

A shower was held for transporting immigrants in a cruel manner at Waltham, Mass.

Reports published about sickness in Rutland, Vt., are grossly exaggerated.

There is an epidemic and no quarantine there.

Several hundred Keely cure graduates of Maine, many of them wealthy and prominent men, will hold a convention in city hall, Portland, Me., next Sunday.

County Commissioner J. F. Clough and his family of Manchester, N. H., were seriously poisoned by eating horse radish. Prompt medical aid saved their lives.

Norwalk, Conn., Catholics are negotiating for extensive property on South Main street, South Norwalk, with a view of erecting a \$100,000 church edifice of stone.

Francis Von Suppe, the composer, is very sick. His physicians think that he cannot live.

ORITARY.

Rev. A. W. Fisk, a Congregational clergyman, died at his home at Peacock, N. H., at the age of 82 years.

Friday, Dec. 9.

A convict mutiny at Chester, Ill., was subdued.

A freight train was derailed near Lincoln, Neb.

The city armory, Cleveland, was destroyed by fire.

Two great oil wells were opened near Portland, Ind.

A Burlington (Ind.) saloon was blown up by dynamite.

The telegraphers' strike on the "Big Four" may be averted.

Twenty-six buildings were wrecked by wind at Paragould, Ark.

Railroad passengers must pay fares whether given seats or not.

A planter and his son were fatally shot from ambush near Atlanta.

Henry Villard says he would not accept a position in Cleveland's cabinet.

The Canton (O.) Steel Roofing company's plant was destroyed by fire.

Woolen mill property was burned at Jefferson, Mass., loss \$175,000 to \$200,000.

Six men were injured by an explosion of dynamite at Melrose Highlands, Mass.

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FLOUR.

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TEAS.

Formosa, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000, 1005, 1010, 1015, 1020, 1025, 1030, 1035, 1040, 1045, 1050, 1055, 1060, 1065, 1070, 1075, 1080, 1085, 1090, 1095, 1100, 1105, 1110, 1115, 1120, 1125, 1130, 1135, 1140, 1145, 1150, 1155, 1160, 1165, 1170, 1175, 1180, 1185, 1190, 1195, 1200, 1205, 1210, 1215, 1220, 1225, 1230, 1235, 1240, 1245, 1250, 1255, 1260, 1265, 1270, 1275, 1280, 1285, 1290, 1295, 1300, 1305, 1310, 1315, 1320, 1325, 1330, 1335, 1340, 1345, 1350, 1355, 1360, 1365, 1370, 1375, 1380, 1385, 1390, 1395, 1400, 1405, 1410, 1415, 1420, 1425, 1430, 1435, 1440, 1445, 1450, 1455, 1460, 1465, 1470, 1475, 1480, 14

